

Westside Weekly

1/12/2014



From the Pastor's Pen

Let's Face It



"What a crabby-looking lady," the cashier at my local convenience store whispered to her co-worker. I was tromping through the aisle grabbing products off the shelf like it was Y2K. I had a half dozen kids waiting for me in the van, and here's the thing: they were all my own children. No time for polite. No casual conversation, no nod of approval toward the stock boy, no breathing. Just get the toilet paper, two gallons of milk and some Frosted Flakes and get back out in the trenches! But I was intrigued by the crabby-looking lady. Which one was she? Hoisting a family pack of toilet paper under my arm, I scanned the tiny store. Let's see, there's a middle-aged guy in aisle three stocking up on pork rinds, an older gentleman at the checkout purchasing an egg salad sandwich and a coffee, and... just then I saw her, the crabby-looking lady. Her eyes were small slits; her brown hair was pulled back in a ponytail so tight it looked like her forehead would snap off. Her mouth was a severe gash between pinched cheeks. A deep furrow cut the lady's brows. Crabby wasn't the word. This lady looked like she had either smelled something really bad or was about to single-handedly euthanize her own cat. Couldn't tell which. Then, I turned away from my own reflection in the convex security mirror at the back of the store. The crabby looking lady was me! That night, after I ran the troops through bath, brush and bed routine, I plopped on my bed and sobbed. I was the crabby-looking lady!

Me! The girl voted nicest smile by her high school class. I had become a cross between Morticia from The Addams Family and a lemon! Right then and there I resolved to do one thing over the next year. One simple resolution: to smile. I didn't need to wait for January 1st - I would start right now. Simple, right? Sure, if you're a televangelist. Or naturally nice. Or just had a lobotomy. But I'm a mom. And moms have stuff to accomplish. People depend on us to be crabby! How else do bedrooms get picked up? I mean, a smile is perfectly appropriate for those "Oh, sweetie, thanks for picking a handful of dandelions for mommy and saying you wuv me" days. But what about the days when the teenagers broke curfew and the dog puked Oreos on the bathroom floor and Dad is late from work again and the baby is doing that colicky thing? On days like that I'm just supposed to (twitch, twitch) smile? Well, unless I wanted to end up looking like a shrunken head, all I could do was try. Of course I didn't tell anyone about my smile resolution. It was going to be hard enough to smile without my kids making comments like, "Mom, is there something wrong with your face?" I would just go smiley on my own terms. At least ten times a day, I would make a conscious effort to smile. And it wouldn't count if I did it ten times in a row. It must be incremental. The first day of "Mission Smile" I smiled at: a strange dog who peed on my daughter's new school shoes, the mailman, three of my six children, a librarian who asked me if I was aware of the global overpopulation problem, and my bathtub.

Continued on back...



Nursery

- 1/12 Debbie Keehn
Dana Moore
1/19 Amy Clackler
Patricia Thomas
1/26 Russell Hitson
Stacey Hitson
2/2 Cathy Thomason
Debbie Widen
2/9 Betty Jean Phillips
Nicole York

Children's Church



Children in the 4th grade and under are invited to join us in Children's Church after the choir opens up the service.

Announcements

- * AWANA Program tonight at 6pm! Tonight's theme is "Let your light shine"! Bring a flashlight and come ready for fun!
- * PUSH Ministry tonight at 6pm. Join us as we Pray Until Something Happens!
- * Children's Church will be open to children K5 thru 4th grade. Older Youth are encouraged to take notes during Brother Mike's sermon using the provided outline to earn extra points to spend in the AWANAs store.

Birthdays & Anniversaries

- 1/1 Rachel Brown
1/5 Cassidy Goodwin
1/6 Tori Brown Hinton
1/10 Franky Davis
1/12 Katie Goodwin
1/14 Cheyann Moore
1/16 Mary Weaver
1/22 Hunter Haney
1/28 Dot Tatum

Church Schedule



Sunday

10:00am Sunday School
 11:00am Morning Worship Service & Children's Church
 5:00pm Choir Practice
 6:00pm AWANA & PUSH Ministry

Wednesday

6:30pm Bible Study & Children's Choir

- * 1st Wednesday of the month - Business Meeting and Fellowship
- * 2nd Saturday of the month - Men's Brotherhood Breakfast at 8:00am

I smiled at my husband over the phone when he called to say he'd be late from work (it wasn't really much of a smile, more like a facial spasm). And I smiled at myself in the mirror twice, just to remind myself what a smile looked like. (Mouth curved upwards, twinkle in eyes, good... now think happy thoughts.) After the first week of smiling practice, I discovered that if I forgot to smile all morning, I could make up for it by watching *I Love Lucy* reruns after the kids went to bed. I thought of it as extra credit smiling homework. After a month, though, a weird thing happened. I didn't even try to find things to smile at and I'd still notice this funny sensation take over my face. It was like Pavlov's dogs to a bell: I'd see my kids run in from playing "throw mud at the sibling with the lowest IQ" and Ding! Smile. When my teenage daughter loaded the dishwasher with her soccer shin pads and cleats... Ding! Smile. Even when we were really late for church and fangs began to protrude from my upper jaw and venom dripped from my incisors and I hissed, "Hurry little children, it's time to partake in the precious body and blood of Christ!" Ding! Smile. It was actually kind of unsettling, this smile thing. Like I could actually be happy in the midst of chaos! The final blow came, though, after nine months or so of my resolution. I was meeting a couple of friends for our regular date at a local coffee shop. Bursting through the coffee shop door in my usual haphazard manner, I overheard the cashier behind the coffee counter remark to a co-worker, "There's that happy looking lady again." And I didn't even have to look around the coffee shop to know who she was talking about. I could see my own reflection in the cash register on the counter. The forty-year-old voted best smile... by me.

By Cristy Trandahl

***A smile is an inexpensive way to
 change your looks.
 ~Charles Gordy***

PUSH PRAYER LIST

PASTOR MIKE & FAMILY
 OUR COUNTRY & TROOPS
 MISSIONARIES
 CHURCH MINISTRIES/AWANAS
 INACTIVE MEMBERS/VISITORS
 GIDEON MINISTRY
 ISREAL/JERUSALEM
 FED., STATE, LOCAL GOV'T

DANIEL STRICKLAND
 BYRON STRICKLAND
 JUSTIN STRICKLAND
 ESTELLE RADFORD
 MYRA HALL
 DARSEY & JOYCE STRICKLAND
 LARRY MONFEE
 PAM HANEY
 MARIE NELSON
 BOBBY & FAYE NELSON
 MAYETTA DAVIS
 BETTY JEAN'S FAMILY
 WAYNE PHILLIPS
 BRENT & ASHLEIGH MORSE
 PEARL SIMPSON
 HARVEY SMITH FAMILY
 MARK & CINDY REEVES
 DOROTHY JOHNSON
 BILL & ESSIE EZELL
 MRS. McCORD
 JEANETTE McDONALD & FAMILY
 BRANDI McDONALD
 MABEL ANDERSON FAMILY
 GERTIE LEVINS
 ED DRINKARD
 RONNIE THOMASON
 RUSS LOCKHART & FAMILY
 LEONARD THRIFT
 MARTHA PARKER
 SHIRLEY JOHNSON
 JIMMIE SUE HILL
 DANNY & LINDA TATUM FAMILY
 VICTOR & CAROL BROWN
 TORI HINTON
 RACHEL BROWN
 KYLE & LYDIA BARTOLO
 STEVEN & CONNIE BYE
 WAYNE KENNEDY
 EARLENE REED
 JOE FREDRICK
 JAMES JONES
 PAUL JONES

PHILLIP BYE
 CARMEN MORRIS
 RON & SHIRLEY HUDSON
 JAMES LESTER HALL
 MERIDETH JONES
 HOLLIS KENNEDY
 JAMES JONES
 HITSON FAMILY
 SAMANTHA GRIFFIS
 JORNEGAN FAMILY
 IAN HALL
 CECIL FISHER
 JOHN LEHEW FAMILY
 BRIAN CARR FAMILY
 DAVID PELL
 CALEB COOPER
 ROBERT & ETOICE BUTLER
 CHRISTINA LOVETT
 DEBRA SISK
 DAWN & MARGARET BALL
 MARGARET PATTERSON
 JAMES ADDIE
 PHYLLIS ADDIE
 CAROL DAVIS
 CATHY THOMASON
 JO MANIS
 GLENN KESSLER
 JAMES HOLLIDAY
 CONNIE REEVES
 KATHY PACE
 LYNDA GRIER
 MARTY & SHARON OWENS
 LINDA MARTINEZ
 FRANK DAVIS
 SUE EVANS
 JACOB CLARK
 BONNIE DAVIS
 TREVOR SIMS
 JOHN KEMP
 JEAN SUTHERLAND
 CALVIN BYRD
 KARLI CHADWICK
 CHRISTY SMITH
 McKENZIE MARCHBANKS
 WEAVER FAMILY
 ROBIN MARTINEZ
 CAROL ALLEN
 JASON BOYKIN
 JOE & CLAUDIA STORAY
 BETSY ELAM
 GRADY GRAY
 JIMMY CRANFORD

Please email announcements and prayer requests to
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